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Subject: Fiery Darts.

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HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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FIERY DARTS.

"Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."—EPH., VI., 16.

Instead of "above all," it would be better if it were rendered *over all;* for the figure is one drawn from the great Roman shield—not from a buckler, but from the great shield by which the whole person was protected. This is a part of a beautiful military figure. It is drawn with singular skill through almost all parts of the armor known and used in the old Roman warfare. The apostle's eye was caught, evidently, with the military organization of the Romans. The Jews were essentially a brave and military people. We have, therefore, in the writings of the apostle, frequent references to military affairs.

He also employs illustrations drawn from architecture; but always in reference to its uses, and never in reference to its beauty. Although Grecian literature and the Grecian language at this time predominated throughout the East, and although this was the spoken language, probably—at any rate by the commerce of Palestine, and mostly by the educated classes in the cities of Palestine; and although Palestine itself was filled—particularly in the North, and over the Jordan on the other side—with villages and with cities which were built by Greek architects; and although the Grecians had then the same relation to commerce which now the Jews themselves have, in all the world, and the Greek was the merchant of the world; yet, Paul never seems to have caught one single ray of the light of art. Nor do I recollect a solitary instance in which picture, or statue, or temple, was used by him on account of its beauty. Nor do I recollect one single passage in the New Testament which distinctively recognizes what we should call the æsthetic, or the science of beauty, which constituted not only a large part, but which, in connection with philosophy, was the characteristic element of the civilization of the Grecian world—which world had overspread Palestine. And it seems very strange that the Jews should have caught so little of the spirit of the Greeks. It is a testimony to what you might call *thorough-breeding.* For, in order to maintain spirituality, the Jew was forbidden utterly to make

SUNDAY MORNING, July 31, 1870. LESSON: EPH. VI. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection) Nos. 23, 888, 'Shining Shore."

any image of God out of anything above, or out of anything below, or out of anything upon the earth, or to liken God to anything, and was to maintain inviolate an ideal and spiritual conception of Jehovah. This primary, and always observed command, wrought in the nation an indisposition to represent anything.. They never became artists, and never studied human life, nor the human form, with reference to art. So that side of the nature of man was never developed among them. And for thousands of years, even after they came under the influence of such elements, in their most imposing forms, they still resisted and threw off the æsthetic element.

But the moment the Jew was brought into the neighborhood of commerce, he showed aptitudes. The moment architecture, in its industrial and economic relations, was brought before the apostle's mind, he saw the elements of it. The moment the courts, or the administration of Roman government in the shape of a military force, the moment camps and armed soldiers were brought before him, he saw illustrations and analogies enough that might be drawn from them. And this is the most masterly of them:

"Take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day [that is, in the great battle-day], and having done all [or rather having *overcome* all] to stand"—as Grant did in the Wilderness, and as other generals did not, who always hauled off to repair after a battle, and so never gained anything. The apostle says, "Fight your battle through, and hold your ground after you have fought it. Make use of your victory." There are a great many who fight a battle, and then run, and lose the advantage. "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

Not to pursue the figure further, as this is the theme which I shall discuss, I will speak upon it.

What are these "fiery darts"? Was it the glitter of the arrow that he had in his imagination, as it flies through the air? In the first place, it is very doubtful if one sees the glitter of arrows under such circumstances, unless we believe in enormous deliveries. The ancients had what might be called *the bombs of the bow.* As we, with artillery, throw explosive shot that not only destroy by their fragments, but set on fire and burn; so the prototypes of these were arrows, the ends of which were bound up with inflammable material; this was ignited, and the arrows were delivered into the face of the enemy, or into his ships; or, if it was a siege, into the midst of his city. These flaming darts, these missiles that carried fire in every direction,

are "the fiery darts" of which the apostle speaks. And they are likened to temptations. That is, there are temptations which are like these fire-carrying arrows. Inflammatory temptations there are, which, as it were, set men on fire.

There are a great many temptations that men experience which are slow. They are comparatively imperceptible. Their access is not discerned. Their process of working is not at the time understood. We rather see them in their effects than in their actual presence.

There are many temptations which are derived from selfishness; that are insidious; that are so closely allied to duty that we do not distinguish the one from the other.

There are many temptations which spring from pride; which are cold; which incline us to wrong by negative elements, rather than by positive. There are many temptations which come from conservative elements in the soul. All that great round and realm of wrong which consists in not doing, is silent, unconscious, slow, and oftentimes even frigid.

Besides these, there are temptations which rush, and which make themselves apparent in the beginning, and all the way through. And a very large class there is of them. The genus is large; the species are many. They may, in some sense, be said always to agitate, and often to inflame, and actually set on fire the soul. And it is temptations of this kind that the apostle represents as being thrown by the great adversary, the general of evil, the devil, who lays siege to man as to a city; or makes war upon him as one warrior makes war upon another; and assaults him in one way and another, but, especially by the use of these fiery arrows; or, in other words, by assaults which raise up those great, powerful basilar passions which are so indispensable to the mechanism of life, but which are by irregularity and misuse rendered so full of mischief, and the causes of such immense and desolating sins.

Of these temptations I shall speak more in the sequel. I only mention them now for the sake of clearing and setting before you precisely the subject of the text, and dwelling upon them thus far.

Now, against all these temptations which come to our lower nature, and which are in their character inflammatory; or which, if we may change the figure, act like a ferment; or which, changing the figure again, are like a smouldering fire, which sometimes breaks out in blisters, and sometimes burns silently, like a fire in a partition, without air, and will not come out—against all these temptations the apostle does not say, "Oppose the sword or the spear—they can not be fought with good chances of success." You are not to use the sandals to get out of the way with,—they are not to be run away from. You are to oppose to these "darts" the great "shield of faith."

Well, that, to most of you, is saying that you are to oppose nothing to temptations; because *faith* really means about nothing to you. It is a word that means so much; it is a word that has so many definitions that it is difficult to tell just what it does mean. One thinks it means this; another thinks it means that. And confusion has been so badly confounded in the matter, that for the most part I think people do not know what it means. Therefore, to tell them, "Against such temptations as these you must oppose faith," is to tell them, "You must get rid of these temptations in the best way you can."

Is there any clear understanding of what faith is? Without going into theological niceties at all, I propose, first, to take the simple Scripture statement of what *faith* is, and then give an analysis or expression of it in our modern tongue, and according to our modern habits of philosophy. It seems to me that the matter may be so disabused that every man may see exactly what is meant by *faith*, in general; and what will be specific acts of faith.

In the eleventh chapter of Hebrews the writer, whoever he was, (it is in doubt who wrote it), declares, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Language could not be more precise. As I think you will see when we carry the matter out to the full, language could not be found which would more exactly and more clearly comprehend the whole subject than that. "Faith is" —what? The substance of things? Exactly not. If it were anything that existed, and had a form, and was measurable, ponderable, estimable, then it could not be faith. It would be sensuousness. "Faith is the substance of things *hoped for*." It is something that is imagined. It is not something that exists; or rather, it is something that exists in imagination. It is that which men hope for. It lies beyond, out of reach and out of sight.

That that is the meaning which is intended, the next clause indicates, viz., "the evidence of things not seen." It is that which man realizes without the use of his eyes or senses.

Well, is there anything that men know without using their senses? We know what the sphere of the senses is. By touch, by sight, by taste, by smell, by hearing, we recognize the existence of a world not to be undervalued. The great substratum on which another life is built, is this material, physical world; and all that belongs to it we recognize by our senses, one or other of them separately, or several of them conjointly.

But the apostle says, 'There is something more. There is another range. There is truth beyond that which the ear hears, or the eye, sees, or the hand handles, or the nose smells, or the tongue tastes.' There is a world which science, as the minister of knowledge to the

lower senses, does not reach. Can science teach *honor*, describe it, weigh it, divide it, in any way that you know of? And yet, is there not such a thing as honor? And can science, or any of the senses, in any way teach a single one of those conceptions to which we come by education and by refinement? Does not the development of the human mind by education lift a man at once into a higher sphere? It does not lift him above his senses; but through his senses, primarily, does it not develop a higher range of faculties which discern truths innumerable and transcendently important—so important as to constitute the difference between civilization and savageism; or as to constitute the difference between genius and mere drudge-labor? Does there not spring out of the higher development of the mind the capacity to recognize things which never present themselves to the eye, nor to any of the senses? And are not these things unseen? Are they not things, when men contemplate them, to be "hoped for"—that is to say, to be *looked for*—in a future and higher sphere?—not to be looked for, however, as we look for crystals, or ores, or fruit; as we look for substances that are produced, or that grow out of the ground.

Well, if this be a fact, as I have no doubt it is, there comes, then, next, the question, "What is the adaptation of the mind for this?" If you take mental philosophy, as founded at all on physiology (for without physiology mental philosophy is fog, is a *mirage;* and a man might just as well attempt to plow the soil, or sail the ship, that he sees by *mirage* in the sky, as to attempt to use a mental philosophy which does not base itself upon physiology)—if you look at the human mind in this direction, you perceive that there are two classes of faculties given to man. First, there are those which are called *the basilar faculties.* You may look, perhaps, in vain, in the books, for these faculties; but you will not have to look far if you look into yourself, to find them. They are those faculties of the mind which act through the body, and upon those physical conditions on which the body itself depends; through the propagating instincts; through the defensory instincts; through the force-giving instincts; through that enginery of the mind by which man is enabled to deal with the physical globe, and with those creatures that populate it, and which adapts him to the circumstances in which he was born.

Besides this perceptive lower nature, there is the receptive reason. This begins to work with the higher nature. Then there are the higher realms where are found the noble sentiments, of truth; of justice; of love; of mercy. There are intuitions in these things. There are higher elements of mind by which men grow above the sordid and the sensuous, the low and the secular; by which men more and more live.

Society at large naturally divides itself in this way; and we speak

of those persons as refined who are not only educated to the senses, but are educated to the higher forms or methods of thinking or acting.

What the apostle all the way through means, generally, by *faith*, is, that it is that action of the mind which essentially consists in the employment of these super-sensuous faculties, or that part of the mind which works, not with matter, and on matter, but on qualities; on invisible truths; on things that are, but that give no forms which the mind recognizes through the body—sentiments and great spiritual truths which man is endowed with the capacity to appreciate and to believe in, and which never reduce themselves to the measurement of the senses.

He is in the flesh who lives by the use of the mere fleshly instincts or organs; and he is in the spirit, as Paul reasons in Romans, who lives by the spirit—still keeping this same generic division; namely, that he who lives by the use of the higher faculties of his nature is living in a state of spirituality, in a state of faith; and he that lives by his sight, by his senses, is living in the flesh. He is carnal; he is secular. This great division of men, they that live by the body and they that live by the mind, is recognized by society and by philosophy. And when you come to look at it, you see it in the Bible as well as anywhere else. There are two sorts of people living. There is one class that are living by the use of the bodily senses in material things. They are in the flesh; and they cannot please God. And there is another class who are living by the use of the reason and the moral sentiments. They discern qualities, and values in qualities.

Ask an old miserable miser, "What are honesty and honor worth?" and he will say to you, "Nothing, unless they give a man a little more credit on the exchange." He does not recognize anything except a material quality. If it can be made to turn into silver and gold, honor is something; and if not, it is nothing. And his idea of character is simply a little drop of water that will turn the mill-wheel of his purposes better—that is all. But go to a plenary *man*—a man full of living, gushing instincts of mercy and goodness; full of manliness—and ask him, "What is honor? Is it merely a name to cover expediency?" and how like a hemisphere honor glows before his mind, full of radiancy and of stars! Describe it he cannot. Measure it he cannot. It is illimitable. If I say to him, "Bring it down so that I can understand it," he turns to me and says, "If you do not know what it is by feeling it, I cannot tell you what it is." It is something beyond the ear, the eye, the hand, the tongue, or the organ of smelling. And yet, it is real. Ten thousand men would die to-morrow, quicker than to give up that which has no physical expression, and no marketable value, but which is to them a vital, absolute and glowing reality.

Nothing is real to them, if that is not. And yet, the senses cannot recognize it at all.

This honor often moves in a low sphere, being merely the low fragment of a higher thing. It is, as it were, the mere skirt of the garment which the true angel of honor, flying through the air, lets down to men. There is a military honor; there is a social honor; there is honor in business; there are various kinds of honor; honor puts different measurements and permissions on itself; but it is in every case the measurement of something that has no sensuous existence, which has no existence except as it dwells in men's thoughts absolutely; and which they believe in and recognize as being greater than things that are; than things that can be seen and measured. And these are what the apostle means when he speaks of *things which are not, bringing to naught things that are.* This power of sentiment, of truth, of beauty, of love, and of honor, brings to naught the maxims, the policies,—ten thousand things of this mortal life.

He, then, who lives in this higher realm, who dwells in the upper part of his nature, who is allied to God in the Spiritual world, is in a generic state of faith. That is, *faith* is living so that you have before your mind "The substance of things hoped for." Faith is the "Evidence of things not seen." It is the recognition of those truths which live in the great invisible.

This is the generic definition of faith. It will have specifics. That is to say, for instance, there will be a faith of fear: in other words, a man will oftentimes refuse invisible truths under the inspiration of fear. A recognition of things unseen is faith; but a specific of this faith is fear. Then there is a "faith that works by love," we are told. That is to say, faith is a sense of the invisible; but a specific of it is such a sense working through the love element. So there is a "faith that sanctifies the soul"; but it is a specific under this great generic. The ruling idea of faith is the recognition and experience of the power of those great truths which are not sensuous, nor secular, nor carnal, but which exist only in the contemplation of a man's higher reason and higher moral endowments; the special practical applications of this recognition will be found in its working with specific sentiments of the soul.

Now, the Apostle Paul says, "When these fiery darts of temptation, these arrows with burning tips, come flying toward you, put before you the armor which shall cover your whole self—the shield of faith." It is as if he had said, "The grand resource of men against their passions, is, to live in the higher moral sentiments; to abide in them; to dwell there; to experience these elements, and have the habit of using them."

I have taken a great many words to explain this, because it lies a little out of the track of what is the supposed teaching of the apostle; but I trust it is plain to you, what is his substantial teaching in this direction. The dwelling habitually in this higher region; the living by faith; the abiding,—not in any metaphysical, or theological, or mystical, or specially administered state, which some men have by the grace of God, and other men have not,—but in the higher range of every man's soul, and in commerce with God and holy things—that, in the first place, redeems a man from temptation.

It is very easy to shoot arrows down; and they accelerate in speed at every single foot, because to the strength of the bow is added the attraction of gravitation. And upon the heads of those who live low the bolts, the arrows of temptation which the devil throws down, fall with double force. But the men who live high have this advantage, that when the devil shoots up at them, against the force of the bow which drives the missile upward is the power of the big globe, which claims tribute of everything that flies in the air, and pulls it back again. And so, every foot the arrows go up, they go slower and slower. And if stronger bows are brought into requisition, and the arrows are thrown a little further and a little further, you must go higher and higher, until with the best bows they cannot reach you. One reason why some men are tempted more than others, is that the altitude at which they live is not so high.

An old gentleman who used to live in Indianapolis, built his house in a dry ravine, and when the river bank gave way, in an extraordinary freshet, he had the full benefit of the flood. The water swept round and round his house. But his neighbors, who were almost within hand's reach of him, were high and dry. They were safe, because they built on higher ground than he did.

If you travel in Europe, you will be struck with two things—that in olden times they used to build their towers and castles on the tops of the most inaccessible rocks, so that there were perpendicular precipices, sometimes hundreds of feet, below, and only a narrow way to go up there; and that there was not a window or door nearer than twenty-five or thirty feet to the ground, so that they had to be hoisted up to the second story before they could enter. Not only was it difficult for the enemy to get up there, but when they got up there, the lower story being massive and unopen, they found it hard to get in. But if they had built their houses on the level ground, and had doors and windows near the ground, how much easier it would have been for an armed force to take possession of them!

Men who live low down in their nature are within the reach of temptations that spring from the fiery passions; but men who live far

up in their nature; men who think just things; men who never permit their imagination to go out foraging, are beyond the reach of such temptations.

Sometimes men go over a battle-field when the battle is raging, "to see;" and get their pay for it; and men sometimes go out when the battles of life are being waged, and come back shot. Frequently men go over the land prospecting—and that is not so bad; but in moral things the less men know about wickedness the better for them. The imagination is accustomed to sail over forbidden things. It is accustomed to play vulture. The vulture, hovering high, but with eyes prone, looks over the landscape at—what? The lambs that frisk and frolic in the meadows? Oh no. At the gay flowers in the fields? Oh no. At the vineyards with luscious fruit upon the purpled boughs of autumn? Oh no—he looks at carrion. Not the live sheep, but the dead one; not fragrant flowers, but stinking carrion—that is what the vulture sees, and seeing, plunges down to feed upon. Of all the things which the sun makes, not one attracts his eye. He only cares for the things which death preys upon.

There be men who sail, in imagination, over the spheres of life, and see nothing but that which comes from the basilar faculties; from the lower life; from the baser nature. Wherever there is brutal force; wherever there is cunning, and its various games; wherever there is the ever-bubbling toil; wherever there is the conflict of the passions; wherever there is the strife of death, there their eye fastens itself on things that are feculent, foul, death-struck, and death-breeding.

There are men who do not mean to be dishonest, who do not mean to steal, but who say, "How easy I could put this so, and put that so, and make a very handsome pile! And nobody would find it out. But of course I would not do it. I want to be honest."

Now, no man can afford even to *think* dishonesty. No man can afford to think murder or cruelty. No man, according to the testimony of Jesus, can look upon a woman to lust after her without committing adultery in his heart. And so it is with the permissions of the passions. It is not safe for a man to dwell down in the great basilar realm. It is not even safe to look into it any more than you have to. If you would be free from temptation, you must live above it; you must not have commerce with it. You must from day to day fly higher, and abide higher. The great invisible realm; the realm which is ministered to you through your higher reason, and your moral instincts, by the Holy Ghost—that is the realm where your thoughts must live, abide, dwell, from day-to-day. And men who do live there are comparatively free from these temptations, these arrows, these "fiery darts.' It is here that "the shield of faith" protects them. If

a man is divinely constituted, if he is strongly fortified, if he has the armor of faith, and carries it with him from day-to-day, into his business, and everywhere he goes, then when he comes into the conflicts of temptation he is safe. If a man is a man of war, and he has to go into danger, let him put on his armor, and be prepared for whatever may befall him, by habitually dwelling in this higher realm, and learning how to control all its resources of power.

I proceed, now, to a few points of application.

The inflammation of the human passions, in the first place, deserves special consideration. Observation shows that our lower feelings are generally subject to a kind of fermentation or inflammation. I mean this a little differently from the line of thought in which I have already indulged. Those who have had the bringing up of the young are sometimes astonished at the tenacity with which they seem to go wrong. The young themselves are sometimes astonished at it. I remember, in my own case, how soon, ideas once getting entrance into my mind. I seemed to be utterly powerless to throw them off, until after they had had a certain course. They ran like a fever.

Take curiosity, as it is allied with the lower passions of human nature. I may say, generically, that in all robust natures, largely organized, supplied with a great reservoir of power, there is, in early life, a principle of curiosity which attaches itself to that part of their nature which is most quick and earnest—the lowest part usually. And this curiosity has an inflammatory action. And when it is once set in operation, it is not put out by a word, nor by a resolution. It works by night and by day. It forsakes a man when he drops to sleep, but it meets him the first thing when he wakes again.

This will explain the excessive curiosity that the young have for things which, if we be pure-minded and pure-mouthed, seem to us disgusting, revolting.

There is a curiosity in the young to know what intoxication means. It is a morbid, unhealthy, intense feeling. I recollect very well that I had an impression that if I should once take a mouthful of wine, I should see visions and dream dreams. I supposed that I should be lifted above all ordinary conceptions of flavors and of exquisite excitements. I had read some little of the poets; I had read some of the drinking songs—for the lyrics of the world have been largely used by the devil for the celebration of spirits, and of the faculties which most naturally work with them. And so I knew something about these things; and I longed to drink wine. I remember the first time I ever tasted it. It was at my father's table, on Thanksgiving day. Father poured out a little Madeira glass (some of you will know what that is) full of wine, and that was passed among eight children of us; and there

was considerable left when it got round! When it came to me, it seemed as though I had drank a very small quantity of liquid fire. My young mouth had not been tanned; and of all burning, disagreeable flavors, this was the worst that I could form any conception of. I think I never tasted anything so horrid as that seemed then. I would have flown to a cup of rhubarb rather than to have tasted it again. And yet, that curiosity was not sated. I was sure that it was not *wine* that I had tasted. And George Woodruff and I determined that we would have a drink of real wine. He was to get it, and I was to meet him at a certain field, at a given time. I was bound to know what wine was—and I did. I had a taste of it then; and I was going to say that it was the last taste I ever did have of wine. For forty years afterwards I do not suppose I took what would amount to a wine-glass full, aside from communion wine—and that never put me in love with wine. I remember how, on that fated day, I lay in the field, waiting for George. I recollect, now, watching the shadow of a daisy as it danced over the ground. I remember how sweet the vernal grass smelled. And I remember the sensations which I had when I thought how, when George came, we should both take out our cups and drink. And I remember how I felt when we did drink—taking only one bitter swallow, which I spit out instantly. That was enough for me. I could not be persuaded to drink any more. But up to that time the desire, the longing, which I experienced, to try it, was intense. And I feel great compassion for persons who are tormented with a morbid curiosity to try things which are not worthy of them. Remembering how it worked with me, I can understand how it works with others—particularly with persons of an imaginative nature. And all things work with persons of an imaginative nature on a higher scale than with others.

We perceive the excessive desire of the young to use tobacco. They have a morbid curiosity about it. It touches their vanity. As old people desire above everything else to seem young, so young people desire above everything else to seem old. And as the "oldest" thing which the young see, or notice, usually, is smoking or chewing, so they long to smoke or chew. And yet, it would seem as though the angel that sat in the gate with a sword had been transferred from paradise to the field of tobacco, and sat waving his weapon, and forbidding men to touch it. If anything can be created so that no man could learn to love it, it seems to me that tobacco has been so created. And yet, boys that could hardly be persuaded to get well of a fever by taking paregoric, or an emetic, or any loathsome medicine, will pull at the hideous "long-nine," and run through the streets, and air themselves,

and try it again, and keep trying for days, and weeks, and months, in order to get rid of nausea, and learn to smoke.

It is not merely vanity, but a prurient curiosity. There is this fermentation; there is this inflammation; there are these "fiery darts;" there is an actual process going on in the lower nature, in the passions and appetites, of men, which creates a longing for pleasures; for founts of pleasure; for going out "to see." They wonder what they shall see. They are restless and impatient "to know life," as it said.

Although, fortunately, my feet were removed from the paths of temptation betimes, and I never fell into the snare, I recollect the beginnings and goings on in me of longings to see what life was. And here let me say that many of these longings might, by humanity on the part of parents, be removed, or modified, or overruled. I recollect very well (I was a carefully brought up boy, as you would know!) that I was not allowed, at certain periods of my life, to go out of my father's dooryard. I *did* though! I recollect that I was never allowed to go down town on public days, when I was small. It was all meant for my good; but it was hard for me to bear. I did not much care as long as it was a mere election crowd, or something of that sort; but when it was general-training day (I speak to those who were brought up in Connecticut) and I stood in the corner of the yard, and I heard the far boom of that "kettle drum," as we called it, and saw the red uniforms in the distance (they dressed in red then) I was set all wild with excitement, and I wept because I could not go down and see what was going on. There was Ed Carrington, and there was Si Carrington, and there were the other boys, no better than I (poor miserable minister's son that I was), going down the street, probably with six cents apiece in their pockets; and there I was, shut up in father's dooryard! And I stood looking, and listening, and longing, and crying; and I cannot tell you how much I suffered.

I was a little roguish boy, as you would be apt to say; but that was not all. I had an imagination that filled the heavens with spectres. I saw the whole green full of volunteers. More than that, I saw things in exaggerated forms, and in undue proportions. My imagination gave rise to grotesque visions. I fancied a thousand things which had no reality. And if my father had taken me down town, and let me see things as they were, it would have satisfied my curiosity, and given me a correct view of things—on the same principle that if, when a timid horse is afraid of any object, you bring him up to it, and let him look at it, and smell of it, he will no longer be afraid of it. And it would have been a great deal better for me. Although I admit that there are a great many things against even the sight of which the young should be guarded; yet, there are many other things which it is better

for the parent, in bringing up the child, to let him see. And the parent, by acting upon that hint, while exercising a judicious censorship over the child, can cure this morbid, desperate, most intolerable curiosity, which sets on fire the imaginations of children, and makes them long for things which, if they are restrained from, they will be apt to find out in surreptitious modes, thus adding deceit to their curiosity, and rendering them liable to perversion in other ways.

Remember, in dealing with your children, that a simple unallowable desire, which ought not to be indulged, ought not, on the other hand, to be snubbed, or rudely treated. It is a fiery temptation, it is a smouldering fire, it is a raked-up fire, it is a morbid disease for the time being; and it ought to be treated accordingly. Not that every case can be treated in the way which I have mentioned; but the knowledge that there are cases which can be so treated will give every discerning parent some practical conception in respect to the treatment of children.

Trusting children is as good as trusting men. Children cannot govern themselves unless you give them a chance; and if you are forever governing them they will never have a chance. What sort of letting my child drive would that be where he rode with me, and I held the reins myself? Children, for the most part, go with their parents, and are directed by their parents; but if you would make the child self-reliant, you must let him form his own judgment. He will make mistakes; but that is to be expected. If a child is going to be self-governing he must be allowed to govern himself.

There is also an inflammation which comes on in the form of envyings and jealousies in life. These are fevers. They seldom come suddenly. They seldom come without a certain incipiency which men can discern when once they have set in. Are there not witnesses here who can bear testimony, "I cannot resist this kind of temptation, or that kind of temptation?" Are there not persons here who say, "I cannot help being jealous?" Some people there are, who fall back on their nature, and excuse their jealousy by saying, "I am made so." There are others who are envious, and who excuse themselves on the same plea. He is a very bold man who can say that he has not a particle of envy in him. He is a rare man who, being looked at all round, is found not to be susceptible to envy, or a sense of pain on account of some other person's superior fortune, position or circumstances. It is a devilish experience, and none the less so because it is common.

These feelings are to be treated as we treat inflammations. They are not shocks. They do not come and go with a blow and an explosion. They are not like powder whose whole mischief is done in an instant, or not at all. They are fires which burn. And the general

remedy for them is, being lifted above their realm. If a man who is attacked by them still continues to live down in the material region where they are, he will continue to suffer from them. Not until he goes to a greater height where they are feebler, and takes "the shield of faith," can he get rid of them. The only remedy for them is to live in the higher nature, and in commerce with God and heaven, setting his affections on things above, and taking a nobler conception of the value of that from which envy springs.

The point that I wish you to notice, is, that these are lingering inflammations in the minds of men, and that they are not to be cured by resolutions, but by what is called *constitutional treatment;* by going into a higher range of faculties; and *living* in them.

The inflammation of love is one of the most noble, one of the most universal, and, strangely, one of the most ridiculous, of these inflammations. It seems to me very singular that the world should select the very highest and divinest of all men's faculties as the one on which to explode its jests and its merriment. It is not the less singular because I myself feel an irresistible temptation to do it. I hardly think anybody ever saw young love born, that he did not at once experience a sense of the ludicrous. Love is the most beautiful thing in the world. There is not a flower that blooms in the garden of the soul that is so beautiful as the budding of love. There is no commerce this side of the gate of heaven that is comparable to it. There is no joy like that which the tree of love bears upon its bough, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. I not only would not discourage true love, romantic love, strong love, all-engrossing love, but I think that without it there is no true manhood, and no true womanhood. Yet, it is that which makes you smile, and makes me smile, and makes everyone smile, when we see it spring out fresh. The only time when you do not smile at it, is when you feel it yourself. It is a reality to the actors. To everybody else, the world over, there is an element of beauty, and also an element of the ludicrous, in it. And in dealing with those who are under our care—guardians with their wards, teachers with their pupils, parents with their children, and pastors with their people—this is to be taken into consideration, that the outbreaking of affection is an inflammation which is in part made up of the higher and more perfect elements of the mind. And love is good in proportion as it includes in itself the action of every single faculty of your mind. It must be comprehensive and voluminous in order to be divine. Where it has mingled with it the lower elements of the soul, it is almost invariably of a lingering and inflammatory character. You cannot stop it by saying, "You shall stop." You cannot stop it by commands of any sort. Neither can you stop it by good advice. You

can only stop it by some alterative; and the upper part of a man's mind is the natural alterative of the lower part. If you can in any way develop the reason, and the moral sense, and the taste, and higher relishes that shall be stronger than this lower development of passion, you can overrule it or change it; but never by saying that it is your duty to change it. Effects do not take place without causes. You might as well think of drawing out the inflammation from a diseased part without resorting to any procuring causes—to blisters, to rubefacients, to some kind of active treatment; you might as well command the inflammation to leave the rheumatic limb, expecting it to obey, as to think of removing this inflammation of the mind without building up the child, or the grown person, on the side of the nobler feelings.

I believe that there is a kind of incipient insanity in temptation to cruelty. Men tell us that after they had once made up their mind to rob a house they tried to resist it, they tried to throw it off, they tried to get rid of it by turning to work or amusement; but that it followed them in spite of all their endeavors. Men say that from the moment they had made up their mind to murder a man for his money, the devil seemed to urge them on, and never left them for an instant, but rode them day and night, and that they saw blood all the time. I do not doubt that they described experiences truly. These strong biases of the lower appetites and passions are strong and positive inflammations. I believe that the causes of them, and the elements which they involve, are physical, as well as social and moral, and that when they attack the mind they take hold of it strongly, and are slow to let go.

Let it be understood, then, by all parents, or teachers, or rectors, or guardians, or guides of men, that there is a principle of slow combustion—or, if I might change the figure, a principle of fermentation—going on in the minds of those under their care, and that if you can keep them from dwelling in their thoughts upon things that are abnormal and unhealthful, by keeping them interested in things that are normal and healthful, you will see them gradually come into a state of mind in which they will not be harassed and injured by wrong desires. The way to prevent those evils which proceed from the inordinate action of the lower nature, is to have such a disciplined use of the higher reason, the better affections, and the nobler sentiments, that they can be kept in the ascendancy. There is no temptation where the upper part of the mind has supreme control.

I am never tempted to steal. I think you might leave your watch or your pocket-book in my house and not miss it a great while. I think it would be safe in my hands. And after I had restored it to

you, I should not flatter myself that I had given proof of eminent honesty, and should not make an entry in my journal—(if I kept one which I don't: I consider a journal the fool's mirror)—I should not write there that Deacon A. called upon me, and, in absent-mindedness, took out his wallet to give me some money for charitable purposes, or in absent-mindedness left it (you can take it either way), and that after pondering for some time the question as to what it was my duty to do, I finally said to myself, "You are a Christian, and must not steal," and took the wallet, and ran as hard as I could, and gave it to him. I should not describe my action that way. And yet, that might describe the action of a man who was living in the lower faculties, and was tempted to steal. You and I have been so effectually trained the other way that we never think of stealing, and never could be induced to do it, and never give ourselves any credit for not doing it. I know my thoughts dwell in such a realm, that it is not possible for them to be reached by these lower influences. How it might be if I were an officer of the Sub-Treasury or a director of a railroad, I do not know. I cannot tell what I might come to by drill. But as it is, there is not the remotest possibility of it.

Now, in regard to all these lower developments, in regard to all these evil tendencies which you meet with in the family, in the school, in the shop, of which life is full, and by which parents are troubled and school-masters and school-mistresses are vexed, and people generally are annoyed—in regard to them all, remember that while there may be specific treatment (which I cannot pause to dilate upon), the general treatment is this: Take "the shield of faith." Learn so to live in the higher realm of reason, and moral sentiment, and honor, and duty, and purity, and love, and justice, and fidelity, and courage, and cheer, and wholesomeness of soul, that when these temptations are sent by the devil's bow, they will fall quenched from "the shield of faith." And teach this life to those in your care.

This Faith is the all-extinguishing element by which we control our lower nature. It is God's provision for man. It is the balance which he has given to the soul. It was meant to prevent men from dwelling too exclusively in the realm of the physical and material, as distinguished from the sphere of the spiritual and invisible.

Men say of the higher sentiments, "Oh! of course these things are very good; men ought to have the higher sentiments; but when one is among Romans he must do as Romans do." And so they accustom themselves, and encourage each other, in the market, on the street, and in places of pleasure, to act by the lower instincts and faculties, instead of the higher elements of the soul, which, when quickened by the divine Spirit, enable us to see God; which, when touched

by the Holy Ghost, leap up and mingle their forces with those of the intelligences above. Those sentiments are like angelic experiences. They bring the choral voices of heaven into the soul, and make men live as seeing Him who is invisible. So lived Moses, the old prophet and law-giver of the desert, whose name is honored among Jews and Christians alike—not by commerce with things which can be discerned by the senses, or explained by science, but by the intuitions of the spiritual life, which are able to quench all the temptations which come from the lower, basilar, fiery, flaming nature of man.

God grant that we may so live that at last, when the call comes for us to go hence, our passage from this life to the other shall be but a step from glory to glory.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We thank thee, our Father, that thou hast taught us our way out from this lower life, beyond the senses; beyond the sentient; beyond reason even, to where faith guides; so that we stand in the invisible, and behold things that are not: so that we know things which lie beyond the sight, and live in things that are unknown in life. We thank thee for the sacred mystery of truth, and for those experiences which we know to be real, but which the eye cannot see, nor the hand handle, nor the tongue utter. That wondrous work which thou dost perform in the soul by the Holy Spirit, we discern, we experience, we rejoice in, at times, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. And we pray that if we are thy children, we may not seem to be always strangers. If we are the King's children, sometimes may we know how to bear the part of princes. Grant that we may walk with faces upward; that we may take thereon the light which shines out from our heavenly abode, and our home. And when our hearts are heavy, and we know not what ails them; when we have grasped and taken in what the earth can give, and all that is but food to suggestion, and that raises our ideal of joy, and of love, and of power therein, higher and higher, till we look away from this life, and hope for the fulfillment of that of which the shadow only is given here, then we rejoice, O Lord! that thou dost bring thyself near, and bring us into reciprocal nearness, so that we may know thee as we are known of thee; so that though we do not see as we are seen, nor know as we are known, wholly, yet we are in the precincts of fulfillment, and are surrounded by great joy, and filled with great peace. And the memory of these days of transfiguration—how as a rudder it guides us in the perplexity of after times! And, though we travel forlorn, in desolate ways, in winter, and in the midst of chilling winds, we cheer ourselves by the memory of a thousand comforts lost or parted from; by the memory of days and of experiences that were, we comfort ourselves in drooping days, and days of darkness, when things are gone that were present to the sight, and experiences are dissolved, like the bubbles that are blown in summer, and like the bright pictures that were spanned upon them. And we believe that nothing comes without a cause; that there is no suggestion of a higher life, and no realization of anything above our senses, which is not inspired by the heart of God in the soul.

We thank thee for all these working things. And though sometimes, doubting and complaining, we wonder why, since thou art God, and we are so needy, thou dost not do more, and work us habitually into a spiritual frame of mind; yet at times, when we realize what we are, we marvel that thou dost work so much, and that we have no perception of those things which are so far above the flesh, and which require sensibilities so different. We admire and wonder, and praise thy name for our experience.

And now, we beseech of thee that thou wilt accept the desire (for what else can we offer?) which we have to be better, and purer, and truer, and to be lifted above the things which are passing. Accept our desire for a truer sentiment of things just, and generous, and pure, and holy. Accept the desire which we have to live near to God, and that without separating ourselves from men—nay, cleaving all the more to them by this divine power. Accept our desire to be cleansed utterly. Thou, O living Saviour! must cleanse us. It is the power of love only that can save us. And by love we shall be saved. Thy word is pledged. Thou wilt receive every one that comes to thee. None shall come in vain. And coming, none shall be cast out. For, although the largest entertainment may still be straightened among men, and the house be so full that even love can give no more room, there are many mansions in our Father's house—too many for the world ever to fill; and none shall be excluded or turned away. There is room for all need; and thou hast no conditions but that they need, and that they will accept.

Blessed be thy name for this fullness and freeness of invitation. Blessed be thy name for this largeness of mercy, which, beginning here in time, runs on down through ages uncountable, forever more fruitful, the fruit being more and more blessed. We rejoice in all these things. And yet, while we think of them, and compass them with great feeling thoughts, our imagination, overlapping them, still goes further, until the inconceivable rises as the cloud in the far distance, infinite still in the midst of all this expectation.

Thou art the God that dost exceeding abundantly more than we can ask or think. How great will be the triumph of thy grace, and the marvelous celebration of thy mercy to us, when we shall meet in Zion and before God! May none of us fail by the way, by quick flying temptations. May none of us be struck down unprepared. May none of us go steadily astray. May we cleave to the Lover of our souls. May we rejoice in the Lord, and be strong in the Lord, and in the Lord stand continually, and having done all, and overcome all, stand faithful and steadfast unto the end.

Bless those who are gathered together this morning. Comfort those who are drinking the bitter cup of affliction. And may they remember that the Lord drank before them, and, touching his lip to the cup, made it sacred; and as he would not put it from him, may none of them put it from them until his will shall be done.

And we pray that thou wilt give comfort and strength, in thine own time and way, to those who are weak; and direction to those who are in perplexity; and consolation to those who are disconsolate; and help to those that are in care and trouble in this world, that they may bear manfully their share of the world's burden, and do their duty wherever the Lord has appointed their way, more anxious to please thee in the place where they are, than to change it and find some fairer sphere.

We pray that thou wilt bless all the churches that are gathered together to-day. May thy servants preach the Gospel in simplicity and power from on high. And may thy people worship thee acceptably, and with great joy to their souls. We pray for the spread of the truth. We pray that throughout our land justice and righteousness, and purity may prevail. May we be saved from avarice, and greediness therein; and from pride of power. May we be saved from irreligion, and from outbreaking vices and crimes.

And we pray that thou wilt sanctfy the power and strength of this nation, and make it not selfish, nor grasping, nor cruel, but full of manhood, and full of protection to the weak, and full of blessings to all.

Pity the nations of the earth. Behold how they are driven, as in the night, upon the ocean, fierce winds drive fierce waves. Behold how the nations lift themselves up, and toss themselves in their fury before thee. O Lord! hast thou power to control the fury of the people? Hold back the guilty arms of the oppressors, and purge the minds of the nations from their guilty insanities. We beseech of thee that thou wilt stop the prevalence of war. And grant that these great evils which have made it needful, and which still require this medicine of God—the overflowing cup of fire itself,—may be purged away, and that justice and humanity may take the place of avarice and ambition. We pray that the time may speedily come when nations shall be permitted to be at peace, and when all shall know their true manhood in Christ Jesus, when men shall be self-governed, and shall no longer need the iron scepter. And grant that the nations of the earth, thus rising into their true stature before God, may inherit this promise, long made, long delayed, long lingering and still to linger. Lord Jesus! make haste, for the whole earth doth wait for thee, and groans yet, and travails in pain. We beseech of thee, overturn and overturn, until He whose right it is shall come and reign.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we pray for thy blessing to rest upon the word spoken. Teach us all how to teach others. May our life itself be a teaching. Grant that we may so live as to be full of the fruit of the Spirit; that we may overflow in joy and peace; that we may have enough for ourselves and for others; that our hearts may be fountains at which the weary may drink. And grant that we may be more and more rich-hearted: that we may be saved from all those evolutions and oscillations, and incidental sins which come while striving to enlarge our nature God-ward. Yet grant that our faults, if we needs must carry them, as the weeds and tokens of the earthly state, may be faults on our heavenward side. And so may we live, never unconcious of our need of Christ; never unconcious that we are saved, not by right or merit of our own. So may we live that when we shall behold Jesus, we shall see in him all our victory, and recognize, in that glorious vision and moment, that power of thought and ideal by which we have been incited and carried on through life. And when we behold thee as thou art, and the mystery of our life is explained in thy look and in thy words, at thy feet, O Jesus! we will cast our crowns, saying, Not unto us, but unto thy dear name, be the praise of our salvation forever and forever. *Amen.*

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